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Stockholm syndrome



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Chapter 1 by Florenceia

Dance is my life. Dance is my day, my thoughts, my routine. Dance is the thing I do. The reason I exist. I exist to dance.

My alarm goes off at 5 o'clock waking me up. Before it can start the second chime I turn it off and hop out of bed. I walk into the bathroom I share with my room mates (we share a five room suite), Aren, Blake, Christian, and Max. I wash my face, brush my teeth and brush out the tangles in my chin-length hair that I pull into a bun, yes a man bun.

I pull on my pair of yoga pants and a t-shirt and walk out of my room quiet, so not to wake my room mate, Blake Stone, who sleeps in until six.

I leave the dorm with a banana and eat it as I jog around campus.

This past year has been crazy. Moving from small town Lakeside, Michigan to The Big Apple. I used to go to a small dance studio in my town and now I'm a student at Juleiard school for the preforming arts. I went from local dance star to just another protégé, just another dancer.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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